S. 88

MERCURIES MESSAGE,
OR
THE COPPY OF A LETTER
sent to *William Laud* late Archbiſhop of CANTERBVRY, now priſoner in the *Tower*.

PROV. 11. 10.

When it fares well with righteous men,
The City is glad and joyfull then:
But when with wicked it fares ill,
Ther's mone of them, take pitty will.

JOB. 27. 23.

Clapping of hands with joy there is apace,
Hiſſing them out of there great Lordly place,

JOB 32. 9.

The great ones are not alwaies wiſe,
Who in great pompe and ſtate do riſe.

Printed in the yeare, of our Prelates feare. 1641.

Apoc. 13. 16.

The man that understanding hath
Behold and see, the Scripture saith
Then umber of the Beast is numbered
And comes unto the sum Sixhundered
Sixty and six: the name here writ amounts
Vnto the same if we doe rightly count.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TO
The late famous, now Infamous Arch-Bishop, *WILLIAM*, a *CANTERBVRY*.

MY LORD,

I Call you what, not long agoe you were,
But now those golden dayes are past I feare,
And so doth all the drooping *Hierachy*
Of Lordly Bishops, that er'e while so high,
Bore up theirs heads to show themselves superiors,
And proudly trod upon their poore inferiors.
How did you Domineere in your vaine pride
Whilst in prosperity you did abide,
With envious Rage, and foule maliciousnesse,
Striving to bring Gods people in distresse
Downe went all painefull and laborious teaching,
The Service Booke more usefull was, then preaching
In your account, having an Inclination
With Popish rites to blind our *British* nation.
But men of sounder Judgement know full well,
That Gods pure word mans wisedome doth excell:
And yet forsooth your will being a Law,
Men better then your selfe, you kept in aw.
Well, next our weekely Lectures lik't you not,
To put downe them your zeale was wondrous hot.
It seemes your Lordship had conceiv'd a thought,
And feard poore Ignorants would too much be taught,
And so your Soule deludements learne to see,
When with *Reason* practise doth no whit agree;
Else you might thinke, with plenty being fed,
They might have loath'd that heavenly bread,
For men by *Solomons* rule may surfets get
If finding honey, they too much on't eat.

Therefore your Grace tooke a ſure courſe for ſuch,
Y'ad rather ſee them ſtarve then have too much
But now the Sabboth day in your eſteeme
Is kept too ſtrictly, this a fault you deeme,
For ſquaring thus our actions by Gods word
We with the Papiſts never ſhould accord
Therefore by ſmooth, falſe, baſe Inſinuation
You did perſwade the King by Proclamation
To give his ſubjects leave to ſport and play
In ſpight of all gainſayers on that day:
This done, one Sermon muſt content us to
And that but one houre long, for if men do
Exceed their time preſcri'd, tho their intention
Be ne're ſo good, they may expect ſuſpention:
In all which did not we Religion fly,
With *Roome* obſerve a ſweet cloſe ſimpathy.
But is this all; no, Altars next you raiſe,
And waxen Tapers muſt upon them blaze;
Yea in theſe heapes of Stone ſuch worth is found,
That paſſers by muſt bow to'em downe toth' ground:
Is Jeſus with a large pronunciation
Vttered by ſome time ſerve't being the faſhion,
Legs, Congies, Bowings, wait upon that name
In outward Adoration of the ſame.
Indeed the Countrey did this trick refuſe,
Becauſe their ſcraping ſpoyl'd their Sunday ſhoo's:
Beſides being full of Nayles and Iron ſpecks,
They made a Pariſh charge to buy new bricks.
To ratifie all this, Cannons are made,
And yet I thinke the Authors are not paide
For that good worke of theirs, but let that paſs,
This Parliament then never dreampt of was,
Or if it were and things had come toth' worſt;
Perhaps you thought to daſh it like the firſt:
Therefore in uncontrouled pride you raign'd
Vertue oppos'd, all vices you maintain'd:
Which made men thinke you had an itching hope
To be ſome Cardinall or little Pope.
Whereby an ancient Proverb's verifide,
Beggers if ſet on horſe backe, love to ride.

Did

Did any Miniſter deteſt theſe things,
To ſee you Biſhops rule like petty Kings
Did they out of true zeale and conſcience ſake,
A ſcruple of your Popiſh orders make:
Croſſe, Surplice, Tippet, would they not allow
To high Altar, did they ſcorne to bow:
Was there no outward ſigne of Reverence ſhowne
When Jeſus was pronounc'd, and that made knowne
To your Lordſhip; ſtraight off went th'offenders eares
Though nere ſo old, no pitties tooke of yeares:
Your worſhips pillary muſt their necks adorne
A triple Tree they ſay ſhall ſerve your turne.
They peepe through wooden windowes: as for you
Gregory has a hempen Lattice faire and new.
Men hope to ſee you mounted er'e you die,
I'm ſorry for't my Lord; but cannot crie.
Sure your well wiſhers hymmes of praiſe will ſing,
To ſee you goe to Heaven in a ſtring:
Or if not ſo, the common people ſweare,
You'l grace the Block as well as your compere:
Others ſuppoſe that a Clothworkers ſon,
Shall never have ſuch honour to him don:
Thus all men cenſure, none cares what they ſay,
Puſſe being cag'd, the Mice may freely play.
So in a Country paſture have I ſeene
The little Lambkins skipping on a greene,
Whilſt the poore wolfe lies tangled in the net
The carefull Sheapheard for his ruine ſet:
This is the talke my Lord that goes about,
He's nobody now a dayes that cannot flout.
Impriſon'd *Canterbury*, when 'tis cleare
Your back's to norrow all theſe quips to beare;
Oh had your thoughts and ſtature but agreed
Together, then all had beene well indeed:
But when ſuch Pigmy Lords as you will cheriſh
Ambitious great deſires, both lightly periſh.
How true this happens to your helpeleſſe wo,
And ſad deſtruction, ſure I am you know;
For now y're falling 'tis the generall cry
Downe with him Tyrant fie upon him fie.

Bleſt

Bleſt were the man could light on ſuch good hap,
To beate our eyes with's *Babylonian* cap.
Thus are our wits imploy'd early and late
With ſome quient leere to breake your Graces pate,
We ſcorne ſaies one his vices to applaud,
We know the Divill muſt have little *Land*:
O ſaies a ſecond, he's a gallant prize,
And by his fall, young *Gregory* will riſe.
Who ſweares when Surplice & Lawn-ſleeves has got
Heele ſend *Romes* Strumpet a venetiall ſmock.
As for the Song which goes *Blue cap for mee*,
Hee'l have it chang'd to *Black cap that's his fee*.
Laſtly, (to paſſe all others) ſome ſuppoſe
You have a truck of art to fetch backe thoſe
Shew'd us their Heeles, where ever they remaine,
Or elſe be hang'd when you come backe againe:
I know you have a great deſire to doe it.
Could you perſwade the Parliament unto it;
But were you ſent on ſuch an errand now,
When ſhould we ſee ye returne, never we know:
Oh tis whipping Time my Lord moſt thinke,
When ſuch as you, for feare begin to ſtinke:
Some run for't their Activity to ſhow,
Their Heads may thanke their Legs, if they ſcape ſo.
Others that cannot go; Blood ſucking Leeches,
Make Buttons backwards, and defile their breeches:
So may you ſee ſome dogs when death drawes neere,
Being lifted from the Earth perfume the ayre:
Me thinks your Honour, yea your Honours head,
Hangs in the ayre by a ſmall twiſted Thread:
Which to Heav'ns praiſe, Hells joy, & *Londons* wonder
The Sword of Juſtice Arives to cut aſunder.
Alas what Remedy, if downe you muſt,
'Tis but a little grace transform'd to Duſt;
Where Dirt and Aſhes having ſtopt your breath,
You'l find this truth, wages of ſinne is death;
Did you expect my Lord a yeare ago,
To ſee your glorious light extinguiſh'd ſo;
Did you once dreame of this diſaſter ſad,
Sure no, y'ad liv'd much better if you had.

So

So have I ſeen the treachetous fox or'e ſhot,
Perſuing his prey with rage and malice hot;
Till in the height of's pride at unaware
Thinking to catch the ſpoyle, he falls i'th ſnare.
I know my Lord, you now conſume your dayes
In bitterneſſe, be't ſpoken to your praiſe
And that's good Reaſon't ſhould be, ſo for why?
Y'ave worne whole yeares away in vanity:
And yet we doubt y'are onely diſcontented
To ſee your helliſh aymes ſo well prevented.
But is the head ſick, and the members free,
Do not our other Biſhops grieve to ſee
Their PROP ſo ſorely ſhaken; ſure they do.
For you once downe they needs muſt tumble to;
They know a houſe that Built upon the Sand,
In time of windy ſtormes can never ſtand.
Now if great Beelzebub himſelfe be ſcar'd
Needs muſt th'inferior Divells be afeard.
Some other things I meant to write, while I
Will now omit t'avoyd Prolixity:
I feare already I've too tedious been,
And that you ever judg'd a haynous ſin.
Therefore to cloſe up all, let me I pray,
Informe you what the bonny *Scotchmen* ſay:
They hope in quiet to goe home unbang'd,
And wiſh the cauſer of their coming hang'd:
And ſo they vow to ſee him ere they goe,
Then farwell *England*, *Pockey* is no foe.
Therefore my Lord, take a friends adviſe
And learne to ſwing adayes if you be wiſe:
For I'm perrwaded 'tis your Honours lot,
To have your old bones ſtretch't, why ſhould you not?
Old men muſt dye you know, and young men may:
When your turne comes comes, then wee'l make holy-day;
And like old *Iſrael* skip and ſing amaine,
To ſee *Goliah* on the Mountaines ſlaine.
My Muſe growes weary Sir, and now I'le reſt
Mine owne, not yours, I flee the Sun's ith weſt.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula Cautem.

But ſome wil nere learne wit till 'its dearly taught them

An

W hat newes is this I heate
I n all mens mouthes so sweet,
L aud's taken in the snare
L aid for anothers feet.
I ndeed I alwaies thought
A mbitious pride would fall
M ens waies being lewd and nought.

L ead them toth pit of thralls.
A great mans hope is vaine
V nlesse his life be just,
D eath ends his dayes in shame.

A nd then wher's human trust
R iches will not availe
C old worlds be then produc'd
H onnor and wit will faile
B ecause th'ave bin abus'd
I n pompe and dignitee
S ometime tho he remaine
H is greatnes soone will bee
O bscurd with foule disdaine
P roud *Nimrod* thus and's troope.

O f late have lost their power
F or *Babell* gins to stoope.

C onfusion shakes their towre
A northerne blast hath blowne
N ere thirty flat caps downe
T hat were so stately growne,
E ach one ore topt the Crowne
R ome wailes their sudden fall,
B ut 'tis in vaine to rore
V surping Prelates shall
R ule us in pride no more:
I *ure devine* made an Asse you see,
E *nland* rejoyce, 'tis happie newes for thee.

FINIS.